MAX COMICS
JOHN OSTRANDER
LEONARDO MANCO
#2 OF 4
APACHE SKIES
PARENTAL ADVISORY
EXPLICIT CONTENT
DIRECT EDITION
$2.99 US $4.75 CAN

Sonuvabitch!
She shot him!
Yeah. Well.
Let's not make it worse than it is.
Bitch just shot Billy Tyler down in cold blood! *Kill her!*

'Fraid you'd say that.
BLAM!
KA-BLAM!
WHUD!
BLAM!

BLAM!
KILL THEM!
BLAM!

BA-BLAM!
Goddamn bitch!
Boy's goddamn father gonna make all of us pay!
KLIKLATCH!
BLAM!

CHAPTER 2: HARD RIDE

APACHE SKIES BY JOHN OSTRANDER AND LEONARDO MANCO

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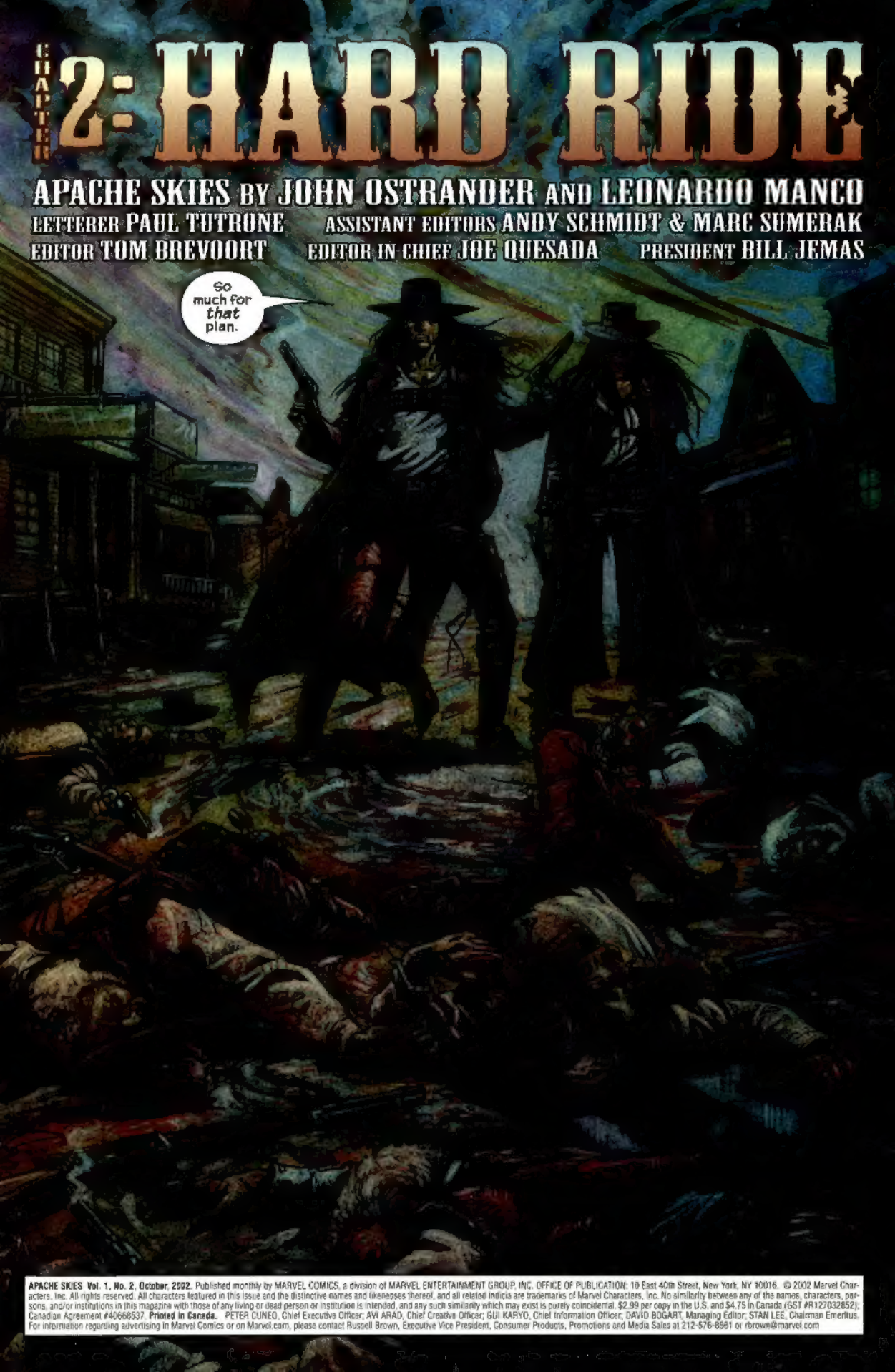

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BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!

Stop it. He's dead. You killed him with the first fool shot.
It's not enough!
That's them!
They're the ones! They shot down Billy! And they've shot the sheriff, too!
Get them! Shoot them down like dogs!

Head for that alley while I scatter these folk.
Why?
BLAM!
My horse is there. Unless you were planning on *walking* out of town.
BLAM BLAM PKOW POW BLAM!
Damn!
VIP VIT VIP VIT VIT
I need my *own* horse!
Plan on getting a *lot* more horses. Come on.

Sheriff Wilson! You're...!
Alive? Yeah. Gunhand picked his shots *damn* careful! Me and my boys are shot to shit but we're alive. And he'll *regret* that.
Sheriff! The man and the woman were spotted heading into the livery stable!
Surround it! If they get away alive, Old Man Tyler's like to burn down the town! We...!
Goddamn!
RRRUMMMBBBLLLE!

YEEEEHAW!
Keep 'em runn ng!
KI-YI-YI-YI-YIYI!
RUMMMBBBLE!

Sunovabitch! That's my horse!
BLAM!
You want we should follow, sheriff?!
On what?!
"They run off every available nag!"
Reckon you're the woman I heard was picking off the Apache Kid's murderers.
You're the Anglo I heard was doing the same! You had no right! Dazil was my husband!
He was my friend and I never heard him mention no wife.
Maybe you weren't so good a friend!

Sorry. Stopped a slug back in town and it's disagreeing with me some
I know some caves nearby.
We can hide there, give the horses a rest, look at your wound
How were you planning on getting away after you killed Tyler?
Didn't catch your name back in town. Mine's Johnny Bart
The Mexicans call me *Rosa*. I won't tell you my Apache name, Johnnybart.
The wound isn't bad in and out. These other scars say it is not the first time you were shot. Not the worst, either
Maybe the most *unnecessary* wound I've gotten, though. I don't mean to sound ungrateful for the doctoring, but what the *hell* were you thinking of back there in town?
I wasn't. It didn't matter

Shou d always p.an on living. Just in case you do
Notice you picked yourself out a nice pony.
Dazil always said I had a good eye for ponies. It's how we met
I was trying to stea' *his* ponies.

"My mother was an Anglo, taken in a raiding party. I never knew her. She died soon after my birth. My father and the rest of his band were killed by pony soldiers when I was six
"I was taken to live with whites but I knew, in my heart, I was Apache and I ran off back to them. My people accepted me but I always felt I needed to *prove* myself.
"So I would dress like a man and steal ponies. Oh, I was cunning and silent. Very good at stealing.
"By the time I was sixteen, no one could match me. And I knew no one could catch me."

Yah!
A girl?!
Oh!

Let me go!
Go.
I thought... I was your prisoner...
I th nk, girl, that I am yours.
My name is Dazil in our tongue. Do not come and steal my ponies any more
But come back and see me if you wish

"Of course, I *had* to come back. . and steal his ponies.
"He tracked me down and took them back. Took everything I had to give. I was glad to give it to him.
"Dazil, too, was part Anglo, part Apache. He walked the path between two races
"When it was time, Goyathlay himself said a blessing on our union.
"But we parted when I rode with Goyathlay a raiding party."
This path is futile. The Anglos are here to stay.
Then stand with them. *My* heart is Apache and I will fight!

"It was long before I saw Dazli again. For a long time, we avoided the Anglo and the Mex can soldiers but we were at last captured, betrayed by other Apaches working for the American General George Crook
"Dazli was with them."
Rosa. I need you to listen. You must get word to Goyathlay.
He must escape. He must not go with Crook Rosa, I need you to help me convince him.
Why?! *You* led the Anglos find us! *You* helped write the treaty! Why should I listen to *you*?!
A man named *Billy Tyler* looks to kill Goyathlay for his own ends. He will make it look as if the soldiers did it.
Goyathlay can easily escape now but if he rides to the reservation he will die and blood will flow. I will take care of this man Tyler You must convince Goyathlay.
I know you hate me, but if you love our people-- do this.

He rode off without another word from me, without an embrace or a kiss. He rode off thinking that I hated him, and I let him do it.
Goyathlay escaped. Daz i kept h s word and sent this Bi l y Tyler to jail but Ty er s father is powerful and got him free. The boy killed Dazi before I could tell my husband how much I truly loved him.
I left Goyath ay to hunt down Daz i's killers
I knew Daz i as *Al Kare*. He was my friend and when I hear how he died, I also started hunt ng h s killers
Guess it's *all* end ng. I heard on the train that Geronimo has surrendered again Tak ng him to Fort Bowie over San Antonio way
What?!
No! I wil not *permit* this! Goyathlay will not languish in the hands of the wh te devils! If I do not free him then let death take me!
Rosa, isten up Al had it right Goyathlay s time has passed. All you'll do is get yourself killed and Al wouldn't want that!
He is dead and what he wants no longer *matters!*
KLOP!
Rosa!
You picked yourself a *rattlesnake* of a woman there, Al
You're gonna *owe* me for this, pard

Back in Sagoro, a special train had arrived and discharged unholy passengers.
So, Sheriff, let me see if I have this *right*. You let the people who killed Mr. Tyler's only son *escape* and you've done *nothing* to chase them down.
Is that substantially the *case*, sir?

You gotta understand-- me and my boys were shot up pretty bad, and with no horses and all...
Colonel Trask? A reply to your telegram, sir!
Uh huh.
Mr. Tyler says to roust everyone and burn this town down, boys.
What?! You can't...!
It's Mr. Tyler's town. All he asked was that you all keep his son alive until we got here. And you couldn't do that.
Billy Tyler's dead. The town should die. Seems fair to me.
And you're fired.
BLAM!

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And you're *fired*.

BLAM!

Get Billy Tyler's body. Put it on the train. Send it to his Pa in San Antonio.
Finish the town and then saddle up, boys. We got more work to do.
We got some scalps to collect.
NEXT: PURSUIT!

ghoul